

THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

VOL. IX.—No. 1.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

PRICE FOUR CENTS.

THE
ACTRESS OF FORTUNE,
AND THE BALLET GIRL:
O.R.
THE PRICE OF VIRTUE
WITH A SECRET LEAGUE.

Tale of Crime and Criminals.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY H. T. ROGERS, ESQ.,
Author of "The Invisible Thief," &c.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

Ladies and gentlemen, for my own part, I positively cannot find words to express the feelings that animate me when recalling the general way in which you have patronised this establishment since our connection with it. (Huzza!) Be assured, ladies and gentlemen, that I will spare no labor, no expense in making this house worthy of your future support. After Miss Barton's engagement, great English tragedian, Mr. Perry Mulligan, will have the honor of appearing before you; he is unequalled on either side of the Atlantic."

"Gas!" cried a voice in the gallery.

Mr. Temple looked highly indignant at this reflection on his dignity.

"Ladies and gentlemen, allow me to bid you, one and all, good night."

Renowned applause followed, during which the manager sought refuge behind the curtain.

Mr. Temple's speech being brought to this admirable conclusion, Mrs. Barton, who had been listening attentively, returned to the screen-room. A piece of paper was then handed to her. It was to effect:

"You never looked more charming than to-night. Goddess of soul, queen of my adoration, tell somebody to admit me to thy presence. Your old friend, Jas. Manly."

Having perused this eloquent appeal, she immediately gave the necessary direction, and in a few minutes Major Ward presented himself before her.

"Why, Mr. Manly, where have you been for the last two years?"

"Ah! you wouldn't believe me if I told you."

"Try me."

"Well, then," said the Major, pulling up his collar, "I have been Mexico—in Nicaragua—in—"

"What! with that horrid Walker?"

"Yes; but why do you call him horrid?"

"Because the papers say so."

"My dear Mrs. Burroughs, you must not believe all the papers say. A braver man never lived, and had he been successful, he would now rank high on the list of heroes. Walker made a bold strike for immortality, and failed; others, with less merit, have been successful."

"Why did you leave New York?"

"On account of the scarcity of money."

"When did you come back?"

"This very afternoon. Strolling into the theatre, I recognized you, and sent in the note. I never thought you would turn actress; but Burroughs can't be alive."

"Yes, and as wicked as ever."

"He has still a hankering after the women?"

"I believe he has."

"Oh! the miserable sinner. At all events, his wife is able for him."

"You give me too much credit," replied Mrs. Burroughs.

"And that's something people would never give me."

"I'd really like to hear the story of your adventures," resumed the lady, "it must be very interesting."

"You'd find it far from tiresome, I promise you."

"I don't know, indeed."

"Could you see me home?"

"I think I could," responded the Major, "if your heart's in the place."

"You must determine that for yourself."

Miss Barton was now obliged to go on for the fifth act, and Ward was alone. He amused himself for a time by inspecting the contents of the green-room, and they were a very entertaining study.

"A member of the Press?" asked Timber, accosting him.

"No, sir," answered the Major, surveying the critic from head to foot.

"Excuse me, I thought you might be the 'new man' on the Bumbe Illustrated Budget."

"Never heard of the concern before, and never want to hear of it again."

"Indeed."

"I have no extra love for ill-spirited papers."

"One of them may have published your portrait," said Timber, smiling.

"No, but I think they carry the 'freedom of the Press' too far!"

"How so, sir?"

"Well, if a murder is committed, the public wants to know all about it, and it is the duty of the reporter to satisfy the public curiosity; but it is not his duty to hunt round among every drawer in the house, searching for scraps of paper, and printing everything he can lay his hands on. He has no business to rake up all the secrets of a family, merely because a tragedy has stained their dwelling. He finds a piece of poetry in a closet, there is no necessity for announcing that the daughter of the murdered man wrote it."

"Unless he wanted to prove her innocence, for any one that is likely enough to write poetry could never be so much in earnest as to commit a murder."

"In short, sir," continued the Major, "I object to illustrated papers on account of the inquisitive, prying spirit that guides them. When the press acts in a manner becoming its high position, it is worthy of all respect; but when, for the purposes of gain, it drives a dagger still deeper into a bleeding heart, and tears away the veil that should hide private suffering from the unfeeling comments of the world, it should be denounced by every honest man. The editor who does not agree with me had better retire at once to private life, for his paper must go to the wall at last."

"You talk warmly on the subject," said Timber.

"And truly."

"That cannot be denied."

Timber always agreed with everybody, but retained his own opinion after all.

"By the by," he exclaimed, "Miss Barton must be well off."

"Very likely," replied the Major.

"What can her real name be?"

"What can it be?" echoed Ward.

"You seemed intimate with her, and I thought you might know."

"I do."

"I'm all on fire to find it out."

"So I see, by your head."

Timber called his hair auburn, and was intensely disgusted by the Major's ungentlemanly witicism. Livil, who overheard it, contributed little to his serenity by laughing his face. The Major had given him some hard raps, and his present discomfiture added him exceedingly.

"Speaking of the illustrated papers," he remarked, "reminds me of a circumstance that happened last week. You remember the funeral of the Hon. Mr. —, and what an immense multitude assembled before his residence to show their respect for the memory of the deceased statesman. My friend, Mr. White, lived directly opposite, and he was greatly annoyed by the crowds who crowded upon his stoop, as his house was getting painted, and the workmen did not want to be interrupted. He at length induced the people to withdraw, but scarcely had they done so, when he pushed forward, stated that he was an artist attached to the 'Pundit,' and, in defiance of the paint under his feet, advised Mr. White to take photographic views of the general cortege from the stoop. My friend remonstrated with him, but the man would not listen to reason, and Mr. White was finally compelled to flatly refuse him favor which he had not denied to the multitude at large. When the 'Pundit' came out, Mr. White was assailed in a surroulling and most ungenerous manner, and all because he thought proper to protect his own property from damage."

"Served him right; he should have shown a more accommodative spirit. Such meanness is incomprehensible."

"Admitting that it was mean, that can be no palliation for the attack on his character. Suppose he went to the office of the 'Pundit,' sat down, and announced his determination of writing



JERRY BRYANT, OF BRYANTS' MINSTRELS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH IN THE POSSESSION OF THE FAMILY.

[A Sketch of the Life, Death, and Burial of Jerry Bryant will be found in our Theatrical Department in this issue.]

there all day; would the editor allow it? No; in all probability, he would kick him out."

"And serve him right again; the case would be entirely different."

"Then, we look at it in different ways."

The fifth act was now over, and Miss Barton's triumph was complete. Timber, Bucksoph and Tomkiss hurried off to make their reports. The Major and Mrs. Burroughs, after the latter had divested herself of her gay attire, betook themselves to the house in Fifth Avenue. The lady was provided with a night-key, and they readily gained admittance.

As they crossed the passage on the second floor, bugging themselves in the belief that they were unobserved, a door was slowly opened, and Thomas, the grocer's own man, glanced curiously after them. When they had entered Mrs. Burrough's apartment, he sneaked away, and found his unhappy master still sitting up.

"Is that woman in the house, Thomas?"

"Yes, and there is somebody with her."

"One of these giddy actresses, probably."

"No, sir—a man."

"What! she cannot have fallen so low."

"True as gospel."

"Is it Temple?"

"No, I'm certain it's not."

"By heaven! I'll soon put a stop to their amusement. Wait here, Thomas, and, unless you hear a noise, do not stir out."

Thomas waited five minutes—heard no noise—and began to feel uneasy. Ten minutes more went by, and he could stand it no longer. Stealing over to Mrs. Burrough's room, he bent his ear to the key-hole, and listened. There was no sound within. A strange dread swept through his heart, and his limbs trembled; but, mustering up sufficient courage, he turned the handle of the door, and entered. The place was empty, but the gas was still burning. He passed on into the bed-room, and there his worst fears were confirmed. The grocer was lying on the floor, his face down, and blood pouring from a wound in his side. Turning his master over, Thomas saw that life had not yet departed.

"Who did that?"

Burroughs made a last effort, raised his head slightly, and replied:

"My wife."

With these words, he fell back, never more to rise.

The morning papers chronicled the triumphant debut of Mrs. Burroughs—the evening papers detailed the fearful murder of her husband. Life and death—there is only a step between them.

CHAPTER XIX.

Walter Todd, Again—Clerks—"On the Loose"—Get Astonished—Todd's Friendship for Stephens—Appointed Meeting with Benson—Swain Calls—Will "Cracking" a Jewelry Store, Pay?—Gigantic Robbery Conceived—One Stroke, and Leave the Business—Jessie's Note—Betty Carter Back.

Mr. WALTER TODD'S business was on the road to ruin. He had now been absent more than two weeks, and nobody seemed to have the least inkling of his whereabouts. Trade fell off; his usual customers found their way to rival stores; and many people hinted that he had absconded to parts unknown, bearing money which did not belong to him.

Wilkins, the book-keeper, who had been left in charge of the concern, was nearly distracted by the responsibility that rested on his shoulders; the clerks would not submit to his orders, and each one was his own master, going and coming when he pleased. Still, no letter was received—not even a telegraphic despatch; all was uncertainty and confusion in an establishment once noted for its neatness and regularity. Every day, Wilkins combed over the pages of the Herald for descriptions of missing men, and he had proceeded several times to the upper part of the city, thinking to identify his employer in some individual "found floating in the water." He was also on the point of acquainting the police with his fears.

The clerks, on the other hand, enjoyed this state of things amazingly; they had nothing to do of any consequence, and lounged about the store hour after hour, seemingly caring little whether the Jobber was ever heard from or not.

"This is certainly very strange," said Wilkins, one morning,

"and I really don't know what to do. If he stays away much longer, we'll have to close up."

"Don't be alarmed," broke in Frank Benson, "Todd will take care of himself, wherever he is."

"You can go your paces on that," said Shorty; "he's always right side up with care, and if any one gets the best of him I'll sell my head for a stove."

"One stove's as good as another."

The party were smoking, although Todd had expressly forbidden the enjoyment of the weed on the premises.

"I say, Frank," asked one, "what has become of the dancing girl? Another startling disappearance, eh?"

Frank scowled at the speaker, but did not honor him with a reply.

"For my part, I'm perfectly willing that Todd should stay away forever, if Wilkins has money enough in the safe to pay my salary."

"He'd require very little to do that."

"Oh! now, that's a big thing on Sayler, ain't it?"

"No, it's a small thing on Shorty."

"It's really a shambles," said the book-keeper, "that he don't write."

"So it odd conduct in a man of his sense," resumed Shorty, "is unaccountable. If he was here now, I'd tell him boldly to his face that."

"What?" demanded a deep voice behind him.

If Shorty had ever wished the house to topple over, and bury him in the ruins, it was just at that moment. The cigar dropped from his mouth, and he did not exactly know whether he was standing on his head or on his heels. The clerks fell back and dispersed to their work as if a cannon ball had alighted among them, for Walter Todd, wearing his old, supercilious smile, had interrupted abruptly on their confab, even as Oliver Cromwell had interrupted the council of a factious parliament. His dress was as neat, his manner as calm as ever; two weeks had not altered his exterior in the slightest degree.

"What is the meaning of all this?" he enquired of Wilkins, who was left alone in his glory to confront him. "Can't I step out for a minute without having my employees idle, and the store turned topsy-turvy?"

"We were merely wondering, sir, at not getting any word from you."

"There is the smell of smoke, too; you know I never sanctioned smoking here. How is trade?"

"Dull."

"I suppose people have been speculating about my prolonged absence."

"Rather."

"I could expect nothing less when my own clerks set them the example. Harding!"

Harding was the name that Shorty ought to have been known by, but wasn't.

"Sir!" replied that unfortunate counter-jumper, stepping forward.

"From this day I dispense with your services; we are doing nothing now, and our expenses must be curtailed. Wilkins will settle with you."

Shorty turned away with a gloomy brow.

Mr. Todd then went into his office, and an hour passed by tranquilly enough. At the end of that time he summoned Wilkins.

But hardly were the words out of his mouth when Mr. Benson, Sen., made his appearance, and the book-keeper, of course, had to make way for him, which, to tell the truth, he was mighty glad to do.

"So you have returned from Boston," said Mr. Benson, taking a chair.

"Yes."

"You were away longer than you intended at first, I believe."

"I was, but I had a very good time, indeed. Had I not lost considerable on Watson's failure, there would have been nothing to mar the enjoyment of the excursion."

"You don't mean to say that the old firm of Blake & Watson has failed?"

"No," replied Todd, hurriedly, "this man is only a short time in business. How goes on the search for your daughter?"</

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Shorty, could scarcely be prevented from dancing a hornpipe, when informed that his crimes were forgiven.
"It's not the value of the situation," he said to the others, "but I wouldn't like to part with you."
"You mean you wouldn't like to part with our cigars and bear's grease, Shorty?"

"He costs me a dollar a day for drinks."

"But, bad as he is," said Wilkins, "what would we do without him?"

Frank Benson sat apart, silent and meditative. An old enigma was puzzling him, for, although he once convinced himself that it was no enigma at all, the events of the morning brought it into his head again.

While he was thus thinking, Hugh Canley entered the store, and gave him a note from Miss Macres. There was no answer required, and the newsboy instantly went away again. The bullet ran as follows:—

"Betty Carter came back this afternoon. She has been—you'll never guess where—on Blackwell's Island. Come up to-night, and you'll hear all about it. J. M."

Such indeed was the fact. After the policeman quitted her on the night of Jessie's abduction, she drew a small bottle from her pocket, and was soon as jolly and comfortable as she had ever been in her life. In this condition, she endeavored to find her way home, but the sidewalk flew up and hit her on the temple, making an ugly gash. She lay there, insensible until a second officer picked her up, and lugger her off to the station house. When led before the magistrate in the morning, Betty was not yet completely sobered; the story she told about her young life was looked upon as the inspiration of bad gin, and she got a week on the island.

The clerks all departed at the usual hour, and Mr. Todd was left alone in the store. Sweet came at 8 o'clock, and they went down into the cellar. Here they were soon at work, digging away in fanned security—but the dull, heavy sounds reached the ears of the salesmen in Mr. Creighton's, and, while they were sweating at their task, he was on the other side of the wall, wondering what the unusual noise could signify.—To be Continued.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1861.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Questions sent in by Friday, will, if possible, be attended to in the succeeding issue of the CLIPPER. The vast amount of correspondence we are in receipt of, prevents us from attending to all immediately.

Fairplay, Philadelphia.—Your answer to questions put to you by a Philadelphia subscriber, I think, are partly wrong in regard to the game of Euchre. You state in the first place that neither has a right to go alone except the one that makes or takes up the trump, and no other. Now, I don't know the rules that govern the game in your goodly city, or from what source you get your information; but I will state to you the rules that govern it always in this Quaker city: If four parties are playing a partner game, any of them has the right of going alone as it comes to his turn to pass, and either of his opponents has the right to play alone against him, and which ever party takes three tricks, scores four points. I have been playing the game for a number of years in this city, and this is the first time that I ever heard this thing disputed. (I mean where two parties played alone in a four handed game, that the one that took three tricks always scored four points.) It appears that Hoyle, (the only authority on cards that I know of,) is mute on this part of the game, (I mean when two opponents play alone in a four handed game.) The reason I wish you to reconsider your verdict in this matter is, that it has caused quite a flutter amongst the Euchre fraternity of this place, and I should like the matter fully considered. I have made enquiry of the most prominent Euchre players in this city, and among the rest, the Philadelphia Euchre Club, and they all, without exception, concur in what I have stated above. Don't you think that the proper way to settle a dispute of this kind, when there appears to be no standard authority, is to be guided by the rules that have always governed the game in the place where the dispute occurs?..... A communication of similar import to yours, was sent to us from your city about two years ago, the result of a dispute concerning a like decision we made then. As the answer we made embraces our views at large upon the question, we transcribe it for your edification:—With the rules which any club may form and adopt for its guidance, of course we have nothing to do; we find different rules adopted in different localities, and all are supposed to be correct. We hold, however, that one player only can go alone, and enjoy the "perquisites thereto belonging." In the rules set forth in Hoyle, we find the following, which has a direct bearing on the point in dispute:—"Should your adversaries have four points to make, and you but one, they having the deal, the player on the left of the dealer should order up the trump turned, preferring euchre (*two points*) to the chance of *four points* scored against him by cards *away* (or a strong 'alone' hand held by an opponent). This implies, then, that only the player ordering up the trump can score *four points* if he goes alone and makes all the tricks, and that the adversary can only make two points in any event. This rule, we perceive, is also among those made by the Philadelphia Club you refer to; and you by another rule of that club we find that an adversary can go alone, among the first "alone hand," and either party making a majority of the tricks, scores *four points* to the game. Now, these two rules seem to conflict with each other, they do not harmonize at all; for while the first makes provision that he who orders up the trump can alone score four points in case of success, or lose two points only (for the euchre) should he fail to make his play, the last named rule says explicitly that *either* can score *four points*, according to the number of tricks taken. How the Philadelphia Club can reconcile these rules, or prevent them from clashing, we are at a loss to understand. The few rules we have for the government of this game sadly need revision, and we should be glad if a new code altogether could be framed, for many points of the game are not met at all by existing rules, but depend altogether upon the "custom of the country."

F. Ross, Cleveland, O.—The great race between Eclipse and Henry, the respective champions of the North and South, took place on Union Course, L. I., May 27, 1823. The amount run for, was \$20,000, \$3000 forfeit. The conditions of the race were, four-mile heats, best two in three, of which Henry won the first and Eclipse the second and third. The time made was 7:37. 7 49. 8 24. Eclipse was nine years old, and carried 126 lbs. Henry was four years old, and carried 108 lbs. Eclipse was a dark sorrel, 15 hands 2 inches high, sired by Durac out of Miller's Damself by Imp Messenger, and bred on Long Island. Henry was a dark sorrel or chestnut, 14 hands 3 1/2 inches high, sired by Sir Archy, dam by Imp Diamond, and bred near Halifax, North Carolina. The challenge was given by Col. Wm. R. Johnson, on the part of the South, and accepted by John C. Stevens for the North.

A VENATOR.—We do not know whether the mode described by you for duck shooting, is practiced or not. On searching our authorities, we find several methods described, one of which is to row or paddle at night into the midst of a flock while they are feeding, and shoot them with a large gun mounted on a swivel in the bow of the boat. Nothing is said, however, about using a light, and judging from the above method, we should suppose it altogether unwise.

J. H. N., N. Y.—Ryer was knocked down by Sullivan on the third. It does not appear to have been a clean knock down, however, as you will perceive by the following quotation from the report: "Sullivan with his left on the body (some say the neck) staggered him (Ryer) backwards a couple of steps and brought him to a sitting position on the ground."

F. BENSON, Belle Vernon, Pa.—1. The salary of the Postmaster of New York is \$2000. 2. He will not probably make a western tour; his address is Nibbles' Garden, 3rd Av. Dryden, 4 Paul Murphy, New Orleans, La. 3. Two more N. S. 6. It is "constitutational" at a distance, when the expense of carriage is great.

EUGENE,—1. See answer to H. B. K. 2. Accidents such as you describe are not provided for in the laws; the decision, therefore, would rest solely with the referee. 3. It is not necessary that the ball should be returned to the pitcher in such a case.

T. HASTON, Philad'l.—There is no need of your rushing into print with your grievances; there is room enough for both of you. Send a polite note to the opposite party, stating your wishes; and if they are gentlemen, they will reply.

F. A. PATTERSON—1. Phelan's work on Billiards was had by sending to Phelan & Coulter's establishment, Nos. 63, 65, and 69 Croton street. 2. For the other, address book advertisers in this issue.

NEWARK.—1. John C. Heenan has been residing in New Orleans for the last two months; he left here on or about the 1st of February. 2. He is superintending an establishment there.

RIVERS.—The present President of the United States stumped the State of Illinois, at the time mentioned, against Stephen A. Douglas, as candidate for U. S. Senator, not for President.

S. REEDMAN, Clinton, La.—Your account of the attempted shooting of "Harry Macarthy, the Arkansas comedian," is not sufficiently authenticated.

FANNY STURM, Cincinnati.—Your epistle dated the 5th did not reach us until the day after we went to press; the items would be rather stale for this issue, and we therefore omit the letter.

T. B. O., Sherbrooke, C. B.—We replied to you in the correspondence column, on the receipt of your first letter. Do you wish the document forwarded to the Doctor, or returned to you?

JULIA E. TERRIOR, Boston.—She is an adopted daughter. If you believe her to be an old school mate, drop her a line, you will see her again by looking over our general summary.

P. B. R., J. Marion City, Mo.—The fish cannot be procured here by the 100; furthermore, the "express" would not forward them, without some one to take the entire care of them.

P. P., Philadelphia.—We do not know what her real name may be; neither can we give you the information solicited concerning her private affairs. She is now singing in this city.

A. S. B., Buffalo.—The Lincoln electoral ticket received an average majority of 48,977 over the fusilier, or opposition ticket, in the State of New York.

L. J. B., Memphis.—We have destroyed the letter, and cannot call to mind the article referred to by you; the answer was doubtless intended for you.

C. D., Granville, N. Y.—1. The positions may be changed as the captain may deem desirable. 2. Address J. R. Postley, No. 80 Nassau street.

GUNNER, Baltimore.—Gulley fought Pearce but once, and the former was defeated. Gulley, afterwards, however, twice fought and defeated Bob Gregson.

R. F. C.—We have kept no record of the movements of Ned Price for the last six weeks, and cannot say whether or not he has been in Boston in that time.

CARL, Boston.—Sullivan, in his fight with Morrissey, lost the battle according to the rules. Had he taken less interest in outside matters, it is more than likely that he would have been the victor.

DRAPER.—1. The time allowed for steamers to make the passage from New York to Charleston is about 60 hours. 2. Zoyara is a boy.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—One about your own size and weight, and hang it up so that it gives a good punch, as it swings towards you.

B. WILMINGTON, N. C.—Yankee Sullivan fought and defeated Hammer Lane, in England.

B. B., Whitewater.—We believe there are but two playing here now—Tim Norton and Billy Birch.

OLD SPOT, Buffalo.—We are not sufficiently acquainted with the party named to give the information required.

JONES BUTTERICK, Philad'l.—Opinions differ, and we cannot undertake to decide who is the best low comedian.

H. L.—Call upon, or address a line to P. B. Isaacs, Bryant's Minstrels.

H. B. K., Adams.—The cost of the balls, is \$1.25 each. You can procure them of E. Spingarn, 208 Broadway, N. Y. City.

ARMAND, Philad'l.—The ace counts both ways; the hand containing the highest cards winning.

PHIL. D., Pittsburgh.—We are not acquainted with the instrument sufficiently well.

J. J. B.—There are several, but they are not to be depended on at all times. We cannot recommend any of them, at present.

W. N.—It was received, but we have not yet reached it. If all right, it will appear.

JOHN MCNAMEO, Boston.—We have not the numbers complete.

A. H. M., Wellsboro.—See elsewhere.

J. C. M., Shelburne.—They are represented to be very reliable.

OAGTC.—We have no list of the officers.

W. WASHBURN.—Nothing received for you.

S. T. T.—You are liable.

NED L., Rochester.—See our general summary.

H. H.—It is out of print.

H. K., Caxackie.—He is said to have been born in the year 1832.

W. R., Hillsdale.—We have no copies of Cooper's work on cocking.

VOLUME NINE.—With this issue commences the ninth volume of the CLIPPER, the only reliable and recognized sporting and theatrical journal in the country, a journal which has achieved its present enviable position and popularity on its merits alone. Various parties have made attempts to imitate us, but they have all fallen far short of the mark, and they are now content to rest satisfied with a second or third rate position. Our circulation has *never been equalled by any other sporting paper in this country*, and we are at present ahead of the highest on the list of our contemporaries. We make this assertion in no spirit of idle boasting, but that the plain and simple truth may be placed before our readers and the public. We state the fact, because it is a fact, and in corroboration of which the most undoubted proof can be furnished at any time. We do not say positively that we circulate more papers than the rest of the sporting press combined, but it is our impression that we do. That we circulate more than any other single one, we assert without the slightest fear of *truthful contradiction*.

Our success is founded upon our earnest desire and intention to conduct the CLIPPER in an honest, upright manner, and to make it, as far as in us lies, the power, a *reliable* sporting and theatrical newspaper.

In this, so far, we have succeeded admirably, and it will be our endeavor to maintain the position we have taken, and which we now so envably occupy.

With these few remarks we again set our little craft afloat on the tide of popular favor, thanking all who have heretofore assisted us, and soliciting a continuance of public patronage and encouragement.

THE FIGHT.—This time last year, two great countries were deeply interested in the probable termination of the International Prize Fight between Heenan and Sayers. That was a fast fight. Now, we are compelled to look up again upon the preparations making for a general battle between the Northern and Southern sections of the United States. The South inaugurated the war, and the North, in duty bound, will see to it that the "Star-Spangled Banner" shall not be humiliated a second time. Men of all parties have now taken a stand under the American flag, and swear vengeance against all who have set up an alien flag in its stead, and who have fired upon our ensign. There is no mistaking the feeling in this city now. The thousands who voted with the South in November, since the attack upon Fort Sumter avow their determination to sustain the government at Washington. We have been bullied by the South long enough, and the consequences of the war now opening be upon the heads of those who have set the ball in motion. The reaction will be terrible, and the blusterers at Montgomery, who threaten to capture Philadelphia and New York, will soon have a chance to put their vaunted courage to the test.

The surrender of Fort Sumter, and the lowering of the American flag, is humiliating, it is true; but could not be avoided, under the circumstances. A garrison of less than one hundred men could not be expected to hold out longer than twenty-four hours against half a dozen batteries and six thousand men! We are glad to see that the government at Washington is at last preparing to defend its flag. The aid expected from New York, by the South will now be given to the legitimate defenders of the United States Constitution and Laws. The North has been "coerced" into this war by those who have all along been crying out against coercion, and the devil will now be accepted. It is said to think upon, but the honor of the U. S. government demands action, prompt and to the point.

SHORT PASSAGE.—The sensation dailies were greatly exercised last week by the short passage made by the Persia, nearly all of them proclaiming it the shortest passage on record, whilst the Herald made it still more remarkable, by recording the time consumed in the passage as *eight days and fifteen hours*. The dailies are so much taken up now-a-days, in manufacturing "war news," that but little reliability can be placed in any thing they contain just now. The last passage of the Persia was certainly very fast, but not equal to what the same vessel had previously accomplished.

We annex the log of her recent passage to this port:—

March 11, 30. A. M. received mail, 12 noon left Liverpool, 1:05 P. M. discharged pilot; 31 course various, distance 240 miles, moderate and fine, 9:30 A. M. passed Rochas Point, 9:40 Queenstown, 4:45 P. M. received mails, 4:45 P. M. left Queenstown; April 1, 1:00 A. M. passed Europe, bound east, 2d, WNW 31 miles, lat 50° 35', long 22° 10', sight winds, 10° 10' ion, 38° 24' moderate, fine clear weather, 5th, W. by N. 329 miles, lat 49° 10', lon 30° 31', moderate, clear weather, 6th, W. by N. 334 miles, lat 47° 50', lon 31° 13', 45° 57', fresh breeze, thick fog, 6th, W. by N. 326 miles, lat 45° 10', lon 31° 43', 43° 43', 53° 48', strong gale, high sea, 7th, W. by N. 331 miles, lat 42° 27', lon 61° 20', moderate breeze, snow, square sail, 31° 20' miles, lat 40° 50', lon 61° 44', moderate breeze, 9th, 202 miles, strong breeze, 5:41 A. M. received pilot, 6:50 A. M. at Sandy Hook, 7:30 Staten Island, 8:10 A. M. arrived at New York.

It will thus be seen that the whole time consumed from Liverpool to New York is nine days, twenty hours, and ten minutes. From this should be deducted seven hours and ten minutes for detention at Queenstown, and five hours added, for difference in time, making the total running time, from Liverpool to New York, *nine days and seven minutes*, not equal to the Eastern passage made by the Persia in August, 1857, when she accomplished the run from New York to Liverpool in *nine days one hour and a half*, being the shortest passage on record!

GOOD FOR PHIL. TIEMAN.—This noted billiard player, of Cincinnati, recently, it is said, made a run of 253 points, all caroms, on a single run, all the shots being around the table, without at any time nursing the balls. Runs made in such a manner are to be preferred before "nursing" or "jaw" runs, and exhibit a much higher degree of skill. While speaking of Phil, we might as well keep the ball moving by giving a joke perpetrated at his expense. It is "Why is Phil. Tieman like an opera singer?" Because one plays at the balls and the other bawls at the plays.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSHUA WARD.—We have had left with us for sale, a few copies of a photograph of Joshua Ward, the champion sculler of America. They can be had for \$1.00 per copy. The photograph is large size, and an accurate likeness.

MORRISSEY'S WEALTH AND BUSINESS.—A statement is being ventilated through the papers, brought out doubtless by the recent but false rumor of his death, that John Morrissey has not been well since his fight with the Benicia Boy. He is about 30 years of age, and is one of the most wealthy sporting men in this State. He is estimated to be worth \$200,000, all in cash. He owns no less than fourteen "Backs" in this city. One of these backs on Tuesday night lost \$13,000. The same bank on Saturday night last, won \$15,000. It is not an uncommon occurrence for Morrissey to win or lose \$100,000 in a single week. All bosh, emanating from the sensation dailies.

SATURDAY, March 9.—Trotting race; mile heats, 3 in 5; for a \$25 blanket; entrance \$5, added.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

3

THE RING.

FIGHTS FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—Copies sent from the CLIPPER office, on receipt of price, 25 cts.

LIVES AND BATTLES OF HEEAN AND SAYERS, price 25 cents.

Copies mailed by us on receipt of price.

THE FAIRSTAFF.—BY LIZARDS, Proprietor, No. 141 Chatham street, next door to National Theatre. His two sons, Harry and John, always at home to give lessons in the Art of Self Defence. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Sodas, constantly on hand.

FREE AND EASY every Saturday evening, Mr. Mordecai Lyon, the celebrated baritone, in the chair.

35¢.

IVY GREEN, 80 PRINCE STREET.—At this public resort, now under the Proprietorship of JOHNNY MONAGHAN and F. McCARTHY, the best of ales, wines, and liquors are always on sale, and the patrons are promptly attended to. Newbold's Great Picture of the International Fight may be seen here, and also a variety of other sporting prints, together with THE CLIPPER and other sporting papers.

HARRY GRIBBIN returns thanks to all who have visited him at his new quarters, No. 282½ Bowery, of which place he is now the sole Proprietor. The print of the big fight, portraits of noted pugilists, and other celebrities may be seen here. Free and Easy every Wednesday and Saturday evenings, the chair being taken by Mr. Matt Glens. Ales, wines, liquors, and sodas, of the best quality, or hand, and THE CLIPPER and other domestic and foreign sporting journals filed.

WM. CLARK'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. Ales, wines, liquors, sodas, and refreshments. All the Sporting News of the day to be learned here, where files of the CLIPPER, and other sporting papers are kept. Here also may be seen numerous portraits of English and American pugilists, including Tom Sayers, John G. Heenan, Johnny Walker, Charley Lyack, Tom Paddock, Bob Brattie, Ben Caunt, Harry Broome, Bob Travis, Nat Langham, Thompson of California, Dulch Sam, Dick Cain, Jimmy Massey, Tom Cribb, Mike Maddies, Gillam, the Brighton Doctor, and other celebrities of the P. E. A. rooms and other facilities are at all times in readiness for giving lessons in sparring, under the supervision of the proprietor. Drop in, and take a peep.

35¢.

FOUNTAIN CHOP HOUSE, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery.

GEO. P. KENSETT would be happy to see his friends at the "Old House" of his Father, 172 New Canal street, near Bowery.

Particular care will be given to the comfort and convenience of his guests, and he hopes, by attention, to merit a share of the public patronage.

THE DOG AND PARTRIDGE.—By this title is known the sporting house kept by BILLY CLARKE, at 221 Centre street, where he deals out the best wines, liquors and cigars. The free sparring nights are on Monday and Saturday of each week. Billy also gives sparring lessons any day in the week. Persons wishing to become proficient in the art of boxing, will of course, patronize him. 11¢.

WOMEN'S FIGHT.—On Thursday afternoon, we are informed, an ex-policeman captain of the 20th ward, challenged Con Fitzgerald, through Ben Drake, to do battle at Wedekin on Friday, the 12th inst., at 4 o'clock P. M., according to the code pugilistique. The gallant M. P., some how or other, "failed to connect" at the appointed time, and the affair ended in a "fizzle."

TON JENNINGS AND M. COOL.—A match has been made in New Orleans between these two men, for \$500 a side. They are to fight in two or three weeks. George King is training Jennings. Both these men have fought a man named Blake, and he was defeated by both. They will now determine which of the two is the better man.

ON ANY OTHER MAN.—Boston, April 8, 1861.—Two or three weeks ago I published a challenge to fight either Ned Price or Tom Jennings, for \$100 a side. As that challenge was not accepted by either party, the undersigned will now fight any man in the United States of 155 lbs. for \$100 a side, four months from the first deposit. Man and money ready at W. G. Taylor's old place, No. 6 Nassau st., or a reply through THE CLIPPER will be immediately attended to.

WM. A. JONES.

JOHNSON AARON GETS TWO YEARS.—Poor Johnny, whom, even after the trial, many thought would be acquitted, was last week sentenced for two years in the State's Prison. A criminal paper, in connection with this affair, now that he has no way of defending himself, accuses him of being well known as a counterfeiter for a number of years. This we believe to be a malicious falsehood, concocted by the fact of the brain of one used to magnifying mole hills into mountains. How strange, yet how true it is, that when a man is arrested for some petty offence, these wretched endeavor to make out he has been "notorious" in some way or other all his life-time; so it is, and the more especially when his friends fail to have those best acquainted with him to testify to his character. Johnny Aaron was a pugilist, and for this, as much as anything else, he was hustled off in such a summary manner, while the most daring burglars and thieves, though arrested half a dozen times in the year, very seldom, if ever, see the inside of anything worse than the Tombs. They have money, dress well, hob-nob with detectives and judges, are willing to "come down" every time they are caught foul—in fact, the police express the greatest sorrow at having to arrest such respectable looking men, and do all in their power to get them released—all this is done so long as the money lasts, but when they had hard up, then is the time nobody knows them. This is the Justice most practised now-a-days.

CON QUINN, will give another sparring exhibition in Philadelphia on Thursday evening, April 18th. It will take place at Union Hall, Front street above Girard Avenue. In addition to the boxing, Mr. Tom Jones, guitar-st, will sing and perform "his celebrated Spanish Retreat." The wind-up, in fighting costume, will be between Con Quinn and Bob Porter.

GEO. KENSETT'S REVIVED.—Geo. P. Kenset, son of the late veteran of the P. R. is in charge of the "Old House" of his father, No. 172 New Canal street, near the Bowery, where he will be glad to see all the old patrons of the house, and all others who can make it convenient to drop in.

TOM AND JIM O'NEIL, have opened a place of public resort in Worcester, Mass., which they have christened the "Phoenix." In the little time they have been open, they are said to have done well. James O'Neil will continue to teach the art of boxing, in the same building.

THE TURF.

THE GREAT FOUR MILE RACE AT NEW ORLEANS.

In the last issue of the CLIPPER we were enabled to give the result of the great four mile heats race, in which Lightning proved the victor. As it was news of some importance, we now give the details. It took place on Saturday, April 6th, but owing to the storm during the night previous, the track was very bad condition, and altogether against fast going, and made quite an alteration in the state of the odds. The friends of Harry Foley's gray colt looked on the change in the condition of the track as being a Divine interposition, for the express purpose of testing the qualities of the horses entered.

Panic, the pride of the professors, was still the favorite up to the time of the start; two and three to one was offered on the field against Lightning, and the odds were taken with avidity by those who knew the colt best, and "to the credit of his 2nd best," as it was said, the odds were later in the game.

Lightning, although weak and showing great punishment in his appearance, tried to force the fighting, by attempting to land his favorite right swing; but Gannon was not to be had, as he crossed with Haley, and closing, threw him a fair cross-buttock.

21. Gannon had much the best of this round, he was busy with his left on the old sore points, and in the close he was the stronger, having the best of the fight, besides throwing Haley.

22. Haley came up very slow to time, Gannon eager, got on the smaller and weaker without a return. Haley rushed madly to close, catching it as he went, and after a severe tussle, Gannon got his man to grass.

23. Gannon had much the best of this round, he was busy with his left on the old sore points, and in the close he was the stronger, having the best of the fight, besides throwing Haley.

24. Gannon, as soon as he toed the mark, was very busy, landing two "hot uns" on the old spots. Haley succeeded in getting on the smaller and, each endeavoring to clutch for a fall, they slipped, and fell side by side.

25. Gannon came up laughing with hardly any marks, except two marks on the forehead, while Haley had all joined the "Early Closing Movement." He, however, rushed to a close, for which he got severely fubbed, Gannon gettin on three times with his right while holding Haley.

26. And last. It was patent to all that the affair was over—bar accidents, as Haley only came up to be the recipient of punishment, as Gannon got home twice on the mouth and a right-hander on the jaw. Haley then rushed to a close, but was met by a straight right-hander, and sent to grass. The sponge was then thrown up, on time being called, in token of defeat, after fighting forty minutes.

REMARKS.—This fight has not introduced any new member for first class honor in the fistic world; nevertheless, the winner, Mick Gannon, in his first appearance, went beyond our expectations. Of Haley, all we can say is that he was greatly over-matched.

FIGHT IN THE BIRMINGHAM DISTRICT, BETWEEN ALLEN AND CLARKE, for £12 a side.—Three men met on Monday last at a spot previously agreed upon, but on arriving within two miles of the place, some of the "boys in blue" made their appearance. A shift had therefore to be made, and those were again interrupted; but at last they came to a place agreed by the referee, when the same obstacle was in the way; but this time they determined to fight, and they began at fifteen minutes past four. On stripping, the men were in anything but good condition. Allen got "first blood," and Clarke first "knocked down blow"; but he was in the end far-farther first. After his ribs and "dial," and his friends seeing there was no chance, allowed the ring to be forced by the "peelers," who had won't the mill from the commencement, and one of Clarke's fingers was seen by the referee to take a knife to cut the ropes. He gave the fight against Clarke; but we understand they fought a round after his decision, which, if proved, will render it null and void, and notices have been served not to pay over the stakes or bets. The time was 46 minutes, in which 29 rounds were fought.

A little more close attention to study, and Mr. Morton may prove more valuable to the Association. Durcan, by Mr. Ayres, was "made up," but played well. As Malcom, Mr. Kennedy was imperfect.

The First Witch, by E. W. Hayhurst, was excellent, and worthy of a better word. The remaining characters were creditably given, except the parts attempted by Meems Rogers and Meany. As Lady Macbeth, Miss Ashton was fully equal to the task. The lady improves. The singing incidental to the piece, was ably executed by the chorus company, and loudly applauded. The play throughout was well "put up," and it is said, exceeded any thing ever done by Amateurs in Philadelphia.

JEM MAC'S BLACK, ALIAS "THE WOLF," AND OWEN LEE, FOR £10 a side.—The match between Jem Mac's Black [Smith] and Owen Lee [the Gipsy] came off in the same ring as the previous contest, the match being for £10 a side, at catch-weight. Smith had never been in the ring, but Owen Lee once fought in the ring—a draw with Baldock. After a good fight for 43 minutes, during which 21 rounds were fought, the Wolf was declared winner.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.—Sam Hurst and Jim Hurst, for £500 a side next stripes.

HENRY B. FOLEY'S C. L. ghting, by Lexington, out of Blue Bonnet, 3 years old..... 1 1

Dorow's ch Planet, by Revenue, out of Nina, 5 years old.... 2 2

D. F. Kerner's (J. B. Poindexter's) b c Panic, by Glencoe, out of dam of Bondy, 3 years old..... 2 2

Time, 8:02; 8:13.

WILL RUN FARLEY.—In looking over last week's CLIPPER I noticed a challenge from Bernard Farley, of Woonsocket, to run Orville Dean a three mile race; and if Dean did not accept, he would run any man in Rhode Island. Now I will run Farley a foot race from two to five miles for \$100, or upwards. If Farley means business, bow is his chance. Man and money ready at Dan Mac's Washington Trotting Park, Providence, R. I.

HENRY W. DEAN, alias MAJOR BOY.

THE VERY LATEST FROM LONDON.

From The Sporting Life, April 3, 1861.

FIGHT BETWEEN MICK GANNON AND JACK HALEY, FOR £50.

Yesterday, according to articles, Mick Gannon and Jack Haley met in the home circuit to fight at catch weight, for £25 a side. Gannon had not previously appeared in the P. R., while Haley had shied his castor four times in the magic arena, and with varied results, the balance being on the losing side.

Haley had trained at Garratt Lane, attended by the Bright Doctor, and Gannon at Low Leighton, with Jim Mac's Wolf and Man Friday. Gannon weighed 94 lb., and is 19 years of age.

After a tedious journey by slow post, and four or five interruptions from the police, at about 4 P. M. the ring was pitched, and the usual preliminaries settled, they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. As the men stood in position it was evident that Gannon was not only in the finest condition, but that he also stood over his opponent. On getting to close quarters both were busy sparring; Haley was the first to lead off, but was neatly stopped. In the return Gannon got slightly on the left squint. Haley again short; Gannon on the top of the round, wildly. Haley rushed to a close; some fast fighting in favor of Gannon, who in the close proved the stronger man, and threw Haley.

Both came up to the call of time eagerly, Haley's left peeper glistening from the feeling appeal it had received in the last round. He, however, commenced operations by landing a hot 'un on the ribs with his right, which Mick returned by delivering a smash on Jack's liveries, which knocked him down. First knock down claimed and allowed for Gannon.

3. Gannon came up first to the call of time; Haley soon followed suit, slightly showing the carnage from the kissing trap. Gannon very busy, stopped Haley's right, and again got on with the left on the damaged mound-piece. Haley, in the return, landing his right on the scutum, leaving a stamp in remembrance of the visitation. This led to some severe exchanges in favor of Gannon, who was very busy with both hands, getting on the mouth and jaw, receiving on the kissier and forehead; they then rushed to a close, in which Haley three Gannon and fell on him.

4. Gannon, who was first up, looked vicious, and Haley, although unwillingly distilling the ruby, commenced operations by leading off with his left, which was stopped; a second attempt was, as well, treated with contempt; he then rushed frantically to a close in Gannon's corner, when a disturbance arose from the men being at the ropes, on breaking from which, the throw was in favor of Haley.

5. Haley was first up, the ruby trickling from his nasal organ, Gannon likewise showing the *cheatue margeaux* from the kissier. As they got close Gannon led off on the ribs; Haley was the quickest, got twice in succession on Haley's warbler; they rushed to a close and Haley was undermost.

6. As the men came up to the call of time there were scarcely any visible marks of punishment, with the exception of Haley's left eye, which still sparred very quick, got on with the right on Haley's scutum. He, however, riled at these visitations, rushed to close quarters, in which both were busy, but Gannon, being the stronger, secured Haley down.

7. As the men came up, Haley, from want of condition, was piping, while Gannon was laughing. Gannon at once led on the ribs, got home with the left, a regular bung-disturber on Haley's cook, again drawing the claret copiously. Haley rushed to a close, in which both were busy, but Gannon, being the stronger, secured Haley down.

8. As the men came up, Haley, from want of condition, was piping, while Gannon was laughing. Gannon at once led on the ribs, got home with the left, a regular bung-disturber on Haley's cook, again drawing the claret copiously. Haley rushed to a close, in which both were busy, but Gannon, being the stronger, secured Haley down.

9. Haley came up weak; Gannon, as fresh as when he started, got home with the left, a regular bung-disturber on Haley's cook, again drawing the claret copiously. Haley rushed to a close, in which both were busy, but Gannon, being the stronger, secured Haley down.

10. Haley, although weak, was the first to commence hostilities by sending out his right at Gannon's body, but without avail, as the latter was out of distance. Gannon, not to be denied, got close, and delivered on the sootier twice without a return. The severity of these visits forced a close, in which both were very busy, but Gannon, from his greater strength, fought Haley down in his own corner.

11. Haley, as he came up, was showing his want of preparation, as well as loss of strength from the continued flow of the "main" from his eye, nose, and cheese-taster. Gannon landed his left on the kissier, which brought the Burgundy ashore, and fought Haley down in the latter's corner.

12. Gannon, as fresh as a cocoanut, was first up, and on Haley putting himself before him got on the mouth; nevertheless, Haley, after being tripped in the rear, but was short. Haley bowed in, but was thrown, although not hard.

13. At the call of time both came up eagerly. Haley showing most marks of punishment. Some good counters took place in favor of Gannon, who got on the left daylight, and receiving on the left ribs.

14. At the call of time Gannon came up as lively as a squirrel with hardly a mark. Haley looked serious, and was showing the marks of Gannon's visitations; he at once rushed to close quarters, for which he was met with a straight left-hander, which staggered him side by side.

15. Haley's left sight seer was putting up the shutters. Gannon with a couple of barnacles on his forehead, led off on the damaged optic, and with the right on the shoulder; some very severe exchanges, in favor of Gannon, who finished the round by throwing Haley down.

16. Haley, as soon as he came up, gamely forced the fighting, but Gannon, who was longer in the reach, got on the listeners and peeped, and being much the stronger man, forced Haley down.

17. Haley, although weak and showing great punishment in his appearance, tried to force the fighting, by attempting to land his favorite right swing; but Gannon was not to be had, as he crossed with Haley, and closing, threw him a fair cross-buttock.

18. Haley came up impetuously and rushed at Mick, who cleverly avoided the attack by knocking Haley down with a straight left-hander on the forehead.

19. This round was all in favor of Gannon, who did as he liked with Haley, and fought him down in his own corner.

20. As soon as they met in the centre of the ring, Gannon who had beat his man, safe, forced the fighting with both hands, and being much the stronger man, forced Haley down.

21. Haley, although weak and showing great punishment in his appearance, tried to force the fighting, by attempting to land his favorite right swing; but Gannon was not to be had, as he crossed with Haley, and closing, threw him a fair cross-buttock.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Mementos, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Profession.

BILL POSTERS' UNION CARD.
The following bill posters can be depended upon, and all work sent to them will be faithfully attended to:
Indianapolis, Ind., Stephen Smith, Daily Sentinel Office. 41-5m.
Baltimore, Md., J. W. Harper & Co., successors to Geo. F. Walker, No. 12 North street, basement. 26-9m.
Albany, N. Y. J. B. Smith, Morning Times office. 23-6m.
Troy, N. Y. A. B. Hay, Troy Daily Whig Office. 23-6m.
Boston Peter Kelly, No. 2, Williams' Court. 44-2m.

BENYANT'S ETHIOPIAN OPERA HOUSE,
Mechanics' Hall, 472 Broadway, above Grand street.

JERRY, NEIL AND DAN BRYANT Managers and Proprietors.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT during the Season. The Original and World-Renowned **BRYANTS' MINSTRELS**. Originators of the present popular style of Minstrelsy, composed of the following unequalled artists:

JERRY BRYANT, **NEIL BRYANT,** **DAN BRYANT,**
W. H. PEAK, **M. W. GOULD,** **J. H. SIVORI,**
W. L. HOBBS, **G. D. CONNORS,** **G. S. FOWLER,**
J. W. ADAMS, **J. H. HILTON,** **H. PERCEY,**
Z. J. PEEL, **T. NORTON,** **OLD DAN EMMETT,**

And JAPANESE TOMMY; Or, "WHAT IS IT?"

In a new variety of Songs, Dances, Burlesques, Comicalities, &c.

The first to introduce the following popular acts:—
Essence of Old Virginny,
Scenes at Phalon's,
The Three Hunters,
The Carrotters,
Burial MacDill Darroll's,
Mississippi Fling,
Also, Dan Emmett's original Plantation Songs, Dixie's Land, White Wash Army, Billy Patterson, Johnny Roach, Johnny Gomer, whose stool Dat Burning, Chay Roast Beef, Road to Georgia, Louisiana Low Mounds, High Low Jack, Heenan and Sayers, and many others.

Doors open at 7. Curtain rises at 8 o'clock. Tickets 25 cents. 24

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S
O P E R A H O U S E,
(Late Ordway Hall.)
BOSTON,

OPEN EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK,
For the representation of
ETHIOPIAN MINSTRELS

In all its departments, by the world renowned and only
MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS,
THE ESTABLISHED FRIENDS,
Consisting of the following first class talents:

A. BOWERS, **FRED HESS,**
A. A. THAYER, **J. S. GILBERT,**
R. SANDS, **D. J. MAGUINNIS,**
E. W. PRESCOTT, **MAST GETTINGS,**
E. M. CARROLL, **J. C. TROWBRIDGE,**
CARL TROUTMAN, **JOHNNY PELL,**
AUGUST SCHNEIDER, **BILLY MORRIS,**
J. P. ENDRES, **LON MORRIS,**

The public are assured that nothing will be left undone to merit a continuance of past favors.

1

HOOLEY & CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS

From Niblo's Saloon, Broadway, New York.

R. M. HOOLEY, S. C. CAMPBELL, & G. W. H. GRIFFIN, PROPRIETORS.
M. B.—The management tender their sincere acknowledgments for the very kind and liberal patronage bestowed upon them on the occasion of their previous trip through the Western country, and beg leave to announce that they will start on their Second Annual Tour on Wednesday, March 6, 1861, with an entirely new entertainment, and the most talented company of artists ever brought together under one organization.

SEE LOOK AT THE COMPANY—E.S.

Whose names are too well known to need further comment.

R. M. HOOLEY, **S. C. CAMPBELL,** **G. W. H. GRIFFIN,** **PROPRIETORS.**
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, **BEN COTTON,** **ROLLIN HOWARD,**
G. W. CHARLES, **J. C. REEVES,** **B. RUGG,**
E. J. MELVILLE, **W. H. BROCKWAY,** **CHARLES WERNIG,**

J. H. SCHMITZ, **CHARLES WERNIG,**

W. H. SIMMONS. **J. C. FABB,** Agent.

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WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.

WILSON, MORRIS & BROOKAY Proprietors.

A CARD.—The management would respectfully inform their friends and the public generally that they will positively sail for California in September of this year, and desire that any and all claims against said management be forwarded to Cleveland, Ohio, before the first of June.

FIFTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.

CHARLEY BACKUS,

GEO. W. SHEPARD, **ALBERT JONES,** **L. WHITE,**
C. BOSWALL, **F. M. WHORTER,** **F. CORDEKES,**
M. T. SKIFF, **J. KENNEDY,** **E. COORDES,**
CHARLEY BOVEE, **J. L. BURTON,** **F. CORDEKES,**
J. L. BURTON, **GEO. FIELD,** **W. H. BROCKWAY,**
FRED. WILSON, **and** **CHAS. A. MORRIS,**

See new posters, new programmes, and new entertainment.

CHAS. A. MORRIS, Business Agent.

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for particulars see Programmes and Posters.

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WILSON & MORRIS' MINSTRELS.

Comprising

FOURTEEN STAR PERFORMERS,

Are now on their regular Annual Tour, delighting their innumera-

ble patrons with their

BEAUTIFUL SINGING,

LUDICROUS BURLESQUES,

UNAPPROACHABLE DANCING,

OPERATIC BURLETTAS, &c., &c.,

Interspersed with a catalogue of over One Hundred different acts, entirely original with this Company, who have held the palm of su- periority over all other Travelling Companies, and the only Troupe in the world that has the undisputed right to the name of

CAMPBELL'S MINSTRELS.

NO RESORT TO BASE CALUMNY,

NO FOUL MOUTHED SLANDERS,

As practiced by an itinerant band of mountebanks, who were ob- liged by law to drop the name of Campbell's.

"FENI, VIDI, VICI."

Particulars of the evenings amusements always observed in the distributing programmes of the day.

J. T. HUNTLEY, Manager.

52-47

UNSWORTH'S MINSTRELS.

UNSWORTH, EUGENE & DONNIKER, Proprietors.

These talented and world renowned performers have formed a co-partnership, and respectfully announce to their friends and the public, that they will appear in all the principal cities of the United States and the Canadas, during the ensuing season. The organiza- tion consists of the following brilliant

GALAXY OF STAR PERFORMERS, viz.:

JAMES UNSWORTH, **EUGENE,** **RAPHAEL ABECCO,**
J. B. DONNIKER, **T. HAYES,** **J. STRATTON,**
JULIUS STRATTON, **SIGNOR MORO,** **C. O'NEIL,**
C. O'NEIL, **H. TRIGG,** **J. FROST,**
J. HILLIARD, **B. O. JONES,** **H. PERRY, Agent,**

46-47

LOUIS A. ZWISLER, Business Manager.

THE WORLD REKNOWNED

JOHNNY BOOKER & HARRY EVARTS' MINSTRELS,

Comprising the greatest diversity of talent of any Company ever organized, consisting of the following **BRILLIANT ARRAY OF STARS—**

JOHNNY BOOKER, **HARRY EVARTS'**

DICK SLATER, **S. S. PURDY,**

ROB. LANE, **THOSE JEFFERSON,**

G. L. HALL, **G. H. WARRE,**

A. C. STONE, **HERR HECK,**

whose talent and ability have won for them golden opinions throughout the New England States, are now on their Western tour, and will visit Hamilton, C. W., Detroit, Jackson, Kalamazoo, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee, &c. JOHNNY BOOKER, Manager; HARRY EVARTS, Stage Director; DR. W. H. JONES, Agent.

38-47

THE CELEBRATED ORIGINAL AND ONLY

WOOD'S MINSTRELS.

SILVESTER BLECKER, Proprietor and Manager

FROM WOOD'S MARBLE TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY,

601 and 603 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Have started on their second GRAND TOUR on MONDAY, NOV. 19th, with an entirely NEW SELECTION OF SONGS, JOKES, DANCES, COMIC ACTS AND PIECES, ILLUSTRATIVE OF

BLACK SOUTHERN LIFE AND SCENERY,

SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS,

Still on their Triumphant Tour through the Eastern States, playing to the

LARGEST HOUSES EVER DRAWN BY ANY COMPANY,

And pronounced by everybody to be the best and Most Original

Troupe ever seen, will appear at Worcester, April 9th and 10th;

Pittsburgh, 11th and 12th; Nashua, N. H., 13th and 15th; Manchester, N. H., 16th and 17th; Concord, 18th and 19th; thence Dover, Portsmouth, Lawrence, Lowell, Salem, and Boston.

SAM SHARPLEY, Manager and Proprietor.

52-29

THEATRICAL ACTS—Actors and actresses of recognized ability, and an attractive dance-use (capable of enacting scenes), wishing an engagement to travel through the towns of the West, will address the undersigned without delay, stating capabilities and the lowest salary, enclosing a stamp for reply. Engagement to commence on about 27th April. SILAS T. HILL, Manager.

Memphis Post Office, Memphis, Tenn.

51-41*

M. SHELLY MORTIMER, business manager of the "Stereoscope Museum," is requested to send his address to C. F. Smith, News Dealer, Madison, Ind.

11

THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY

PEAK FAMILY,
VOCALISTS, HARPISTS, AND
SWISS BELL RINGERS
IN THE WORLD.

GRAND CONSOLIDATION OF THE SEPARATE COMPANIES,

Having re-organized and enlarged for their Annual Tour of 1861.

The following talent is now connected with this Troupe:—

W. PEAK, Sr., LISSETTE M. PEAK,

MRS. W. PEAK, ANNIE PEAK,

WM. H. PEAK, MASTER EDWIN PEAK,

MRS. WM. H. PEAK, MASTER FRANK PEAK,

LEWIS M. PEAK.

They will start on their SIXTEENTH ANNUAL TOUR December 15th, visiting Ohio, New York, Connecticut, New Hampshire, Vermont, and Maine; and will appear in their new Swiss Costume, introducing their

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY SILVER BELLS,

Imported expressly for this Company, and the only sets of SILVER BELLS ever manufactured.

1-11

CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

The Proprietors wish it distinctly understood that they are the

Only Original Troupe of Bell Ringers now travelling under the name

of the Peak Family, having been established since 1839, and during

that time have visited all the principal towns and cities in the Uni-

ted States; have been travelling as two companies for the past two

years, and now consolidate, making one of the largest Concert Com-

panies in the world. We wish to caution the public that no other

Troupe has the right to annexe themselves as the Peak Family.

W. & W. H. PEAK, Proprietors.

42 con.

AMERICAN CONCERT HALL,

444 BROADWAY.

THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT IN THE WORLD.

A continued performance of four and a half hours duration, com-

mencing at half-past 7 o'clock; each and every act independent of

the rest.

Embracing the gems of

BALLET, PANTOMIME, OPERA AND BURLESQUE,

By the

LARGEST AND MOST VERSATILE COMPANY

EVER CONCENTRATED

IN ANY PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE WORLD.

The celebrated Irish Comedian,

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NEW LAID EGGS.

Be gentle to the new-laid egg,
For eggs are brilliant things;
They cannot fly until they're hatched,
And have a pair of wings.
If once you break the tender shell,
The wrong you can't redress;
The 'yolk and white' will all run out,
And make a dreadful mess.

'Tis but a little while at best
That hens have power to lay;
To-morrow eggs may addled be,
That were quite fresh to day;
Obl let the touch be very light
That takes them from the egg;
There is no hand whose cunning skill
Can mend a broken egg.

Ah! touch it with a tender touch,
For till the egg is boiled,
Who knows but that unwittingly
It may be smashed and spoiled.
The summer wind that 'gainst it blows
Ought to be stilled and hushed;
For eggs, like youthful purity,
Are 'orful when they are squashed.'

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FIVE.

JOHN SLEEPER CLARKE, AND WILLIAM WHEATLEY,
MANAGERS OF THE ARCH STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.

JOHN S. CLARKE.

Here we behold the only low comedian of importance in the country. He was born in Baltimore, Md., in 1832. At an early period of his life, by the advice of his mother, he entered the office of an attorney, to prepare himself for that profession; very soon after we find him a member of a Theatrical Association, then flourishing in his native city—Mr. Edwin Booth being the leading man. While connected with this association, Mr. Clarke acted all the tragic parts, believing that his forte was tragedy; but he soon exhibited a greater partiality for Thalia, the muse of Comedy, with her sportive mask, the mask, and shepherd's crook, than for Molpe-mene, whose regal sceptre, crown, dagger, bow and buckled leg, so caught the fancy of the Venetian bard, that he addressed the finest of his odes to her. We are therefore more than pleased with Mr. Clarke, who is one of the most celebrated of Thalia's modern votaries.

In 1851, Mr. Clarke became a member of the Howard Atheneum, Boston, making his *debut* on the public stage as Frank Hardy, in "Paul Pry," and at once creating a very favorable impression. At the opening of the season of 1852, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, he became a member of the company, making his obeisance August 28, as Loto, in "She Would, and She Would Not." He remained in this company until June, 1854, when he returned to his native city, and was engaged as first low comedian at the Front Street Theatre. In 1855, he was engaged at the Metropolitan Theatre, New York, making his first appearance in that city in May, as Diggory, in "The Spectral Bridegroom." First appeared at the Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia, August 18, 1855, as Toodies, a character in which he stands *unapproachable*. He remained in the company until August 18, 1858, when he added the duties of co-manager with that of actor.

On Thursday morning, April 28, 1859, Mr. C. was united in the bonds of wedlock, at Baltimore, to Miss Asia Booth, youngest daughter of Junius Brutus Booth. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Mr. Grafton, in St. Paul's Church.

Mr. C. has won a true and healthful reputation as an artistic comedian than any of his predecessors for many years. He came amongst us without any preliminary puff; he was assisted by no claqueurs of the press. His enunciation is so clear that you lose no word or syllable of the text, in any character he assumes. He scarce ever makes his entrance in a play, but he is received with an involuntary applause, not of hands only, for those may be, and have often been partially prostituted, and bespoiled; but by a general laughter, which the very gift of his provokes, and nature cannot resist; yet the louder the laugh, the graver is his look upon it; and sure, the ridiculous solemnity of his features is enough to set a whole bunch of bishops into titter, could he be honored (may it be no offence to suppose it) with some grave and right reverend auditors. Those curious admiring eyes of the popular hilarity, of subtle conception and fantastical sport, are of too composite a nature for ordinary handling. From that grand dialectician, the discriminating Touchstone, to that broader philosopher, the clown in "Twelfth Night," and the dimpled Launcelot, each finds in his treatment their proper significance, and takes his rank as distinctly as defined by a herald. Their quips and their quiddities, their gibes and their cozenings, always obtain in his speech their right fitness and flavor, and gain in his looks their entire illustration—their double expression, which, as it lights up the meaning, reveals the enjoyment. His appearance has the same effect on the audience as the turning on of the gas. There is more mere light in it, there is a positive stimulus, which we are always happy to feel, if possible to analyze; and such a state of feeling soon puts aside criticism. We become passive in his hands, to be moved as he pleases. If he deprives us of thought, he restores us to boorish; he takes us back to the time when our hearts were unburdened, and our appetite for life turned all fares into feasts. If an actor be constituted to produce such results, we certainly regard it as no trifling distinction; but our favorite can boast of others which may be thought somewhat higher, and we proceed to discuss them.

There is his mirth and his movement; and there is also his station, hovering midway as he does between comedy and farce; with an agreeable breadth than the one and alertness than the other, he has always a compromise that answers for both, and has thus attracted the powers of some of our greatest comedians. What is still more delightful, he is an original; he copies no one living or dead, but acts from nature. Garrick was his illustrious vehicle, and his mantle in our day has fallen on the shoulders of Clarke.

We may conclude in remarking that our hero's life has been less chequered than that of his brethren in general. From the day of his first public appearance, his life has rolled on with an even flow of popularity, and fortune has favored him as much as the public. We are happy to think that he has deserved his rewards, and that less not in his life than in his pleasant profession, he has succeeded to the fame of his worthy precursor.

In a word, I am tempted to sum up the character of Mr. Clarke as a comedian, in a parody of what Shakespeare's Mark Antony says of Brutus as a hero—

"His life was laughter, and the ludicrous
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world—this is an actor."

In Mr. Clarke's personation of Bob Tyke—a character which affords the widest, the sharpest contrasts—passion, the most desperate and brutal, and affection the most sincere and tender, ruffly rudeness and the humility of a simple, heaven-defying insolence and lowly humble penitence, sway him; and shift over the surface of his character, like autumnal clouds patching the landscape. In sustaining the character of Bob Tyke, Mr. C. took the audience by surprise, and played with such power and effect, that he almost chained the people to their seats. There was a breadth and a finish about it, a tenderness, sweetness, and utter simplicity, which took right hold of the hearts of the best judges in these matters. His dialect is that of a rustic to the manor born, not that of an actor dressed like a country lout—it was nature, life. Mr. Clarke has, several times, shown that he is not restricted to farce. His best played characters—in deed those which have made the most powerful and lasting impression—have not been Paul Pry, Toodies, Diggory, and that sort of thing. In natural characters he produces his best effects, and news and multiplies the laurels of his fame. The Toodies, Paul Pry, Diggory, where are they? Where are the incessantly funny men? Heaven defend us from them! But in Bob Tyke, we see much for which our heart finds a ready response.

WILLIAM WHEATLEY.

Born in the city of New York, 1820. Made his first appearance on the stage as a child, at the Park Theatre, New York, in 1826, during the first engagement of Mr. Macready at that house. Mr. M. was so pleased with our hero's impersonation of Albert, in "William Tell," that he prevailed on his parents to let him accompany him on his starring tour through the States, for the express purpose of impersonating the character of Albert. He appeared in Philadelphia January 15th, 1827, at the Chestnut, as Albert.

After a successful tour, Master Wheatley returned home, to the Park Theatre, and the piece known as "Tom Thumb" was got up by Mr. Simpson in magnificent style, expressly for Master W. The company consisted of such persons as Henson, Barnes, Henry Plaide and Peter Richings. The piece was well put on the stage, and met with a run, our hero making, in theatrical parlance, a hit. His progress was so rapid that in a very short time he filled the position of leading light comedian of the first theatre in the Union. Thus we find him filling the most comprehensive line of general actors, that perhaps any actor ever did on the American or any other stage.

Before he reached his 21st year, he was manager of the old National Theatre, Church street, New York. In 1842, he succeeded from the National, and joined the forces at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, making his *debut* September 22d, as Dercourt, in "Belle's Stratagem." The company at this theatre at the time was composed, perhaps, of the best body of performers that has ever been brought together, in the memory of the living. It was as follows—Misses Charlotte and Susan Cushman, Texina Fisher, Mrs. Jones; Messrs. Blake, Hadaway, Henkens, E. L. Davenport, Whealey, Chippendale, Mrs. Maeder, and Mrs. Thayer. It was during this time that the old Walnut enjoyed its world-wide reputation.

Mr. W. remained at this establishment and others under Mr. A. Marshall's management until 1851. He was now seized by a new and equally strange aberration of fancy. He retired from the stage, taking a farewell benefit on the 24th of March, at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. The bill consisted of "The Hunchback," Miss J. M. Davenport at Julia, and Miss Alexa Fisher as Helen; with the "Serious Family." Mr. Wheatley appearing as Sir Thomas Clifford and Capt. Murphy Maguire.

After a brief sojourn in Wall street, New York, he took a fancy to

visit Nicaragua, and had the honor of raising the first American flag on the shore of Lake Nicaragua, at Virgin Bay.

He returned to the States, and made his re-appearance on the stage at the Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, after a retirement of two years. A numerous audience witnessed his obeisance, and his public greeting was very warm and enthusiastic. His next step was the management of the Washington, D. C. Theatre. Relocated to Philadelphia in June, 1852, he played a star engagement at the Arch Street Theatre. On the 20th of August, 1852, in conjunction with Mr. J. H. Drew, he became leasee of the Arch Street Theatre. At the close of the first piece on the opening night, he stepped forward to make a speech—a circumstance which his friends as fully expected as any part of the night's entertainment which had been advertised in the bills, and a treat which he seldom nigardly bestows; like fleecy clothing, it is never out of season—rarely at all temperatures. On the above occasion, he made the following remarks:

"We will labor to make the establishment (the Arch) over which we preside the true temple of the drama, where rational entertainment and instruction, in a shape most likely to strike the mind, affect the imagination, and make a lasting impression, may at all times be found. The end and purpose of the stage is, in the language of Shakespeare, 'to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure.' To do this, and to do it well, will be our earnest aim and endeavor."

How Mr. Wheatley has kept his word, we refer to the present reputation of the establishment, which stands acknowledged as among the first dramatic temples in the Union. At the time he took the reins of management, the affairs of the theatre were in a shattered condition, through bad management, and it was a bold undertaking for one to revive the spirit of the drama within its walls. The management commenced by abolishing the star system, and engaging a company of stars, opened under the title of the "Star Company," and succeeded in placing his theatre upon the summit of popularity and prosperity. Mr. W. had no sooner gained a popularity for his establishment, under the above title, than we find "star companies" all over the country, and even in England there is a theatre known by the same appellation.

Mr. W. is admirably calculated to be at the head of a dramatic temple. His industry, taste, talent, and energy have always commanded the highest respect. As a comedian, Wheatley has never been excelled, and it may be, he will never be equalled. He never appropriates the scenic effects of others, but always plays in such a manner as to bring into best operation the professional merits of those around him. This fact, and a total absence of jealousy towards rising actors, renders him always popular with his brethren. We may, in fine, term him as a kind of dramatic Aciabiles; great versatility, eccentric enterprise, with a fervent devotion to the public duty to which fortune has called him, constitutes him a brilliant soldier. As Jaffier, Belcourt, Young Mirabel, Rover, Rapid, Charles Surface, Tangent, Captain Absolute, Bob Handy, Evelyn, Dick Dowles, Romeo, Claude Melnotte, and Doricourt, Mr. Wheatley stands pre-eminent.

His Belcourt is a most elegant and accomplished specimen of genuine acting—chaste, graceful, and where the character required and admitted it, interesting and impressive. As Young Mirabel, he has evidently studied the part long, and pondered it deeply. Young Mirabel is as changeable as the colors of the rainbow, but the shades of character should melt one into the other as do the colors, without abrupt transitions. As the gay, rollicking, witty rogue, Mr. Wheatley was superb. Want of room compels us to pass him in comedy.

Though far short of a great tragedian, he is an impressive player of tragic parts. The mental abstraction which belongs to the character of Hamlet meets with a happy delineation in Wheatley's efforts; his tremendous awe, his impressive accents, when in the presence of his father's spirit, produce on his auditory a cleaving sympathy, making the ghost equally terrible to the spectator as to himself.

In Romeo, he is always attractive; a success multiplying his triumphs without greatly adding to his fame, as Romeo is perhaps the least intellectual character of Shakespeare's heroes. But the wild, romantic passion of the youthful Veronese, and that frightful despair, the last of mortal suffering, are powerfully portrayed by him. The scene with Friar Lawrence, wherein he hears his sentence—"banishment!"—and particularly the speech concluding—

"They may seize."

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And seal immortal blessings from her lips,"

are also most effectively sustained.

His style of acting is vivid, original, and impressively. It is the style of genius, improved and exalted by taste and study. The wonderful superiority of W. consists in the force and comprehension of his genius, the boldness and originality of his manner, the significance of his gestures, the astonishing flexibility of his countenance, and the quick and piercing expression of his eye, united to his thorough knowledge, not only of the text, but the meaning of his author.

[Next week, E. A. Sothern, and Edwin Adams, the popular young American actor.]

THE RING IN BY-GONE DAYS,

BRING A RECORD OF

WELL-FOUGHT BATTLES,

NOW FIRST RE-PUBLISHED IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

The Game Bob Purcell Again.—His Battle with M'Dermott.

Soon after Purcell returned to London, a match was made for him for 25 guineas a side, with one M'Dermott, a man quite as big and brawny as his last opponent. On Tuesday, August 31st, 1819, at the spot where Jem Belcher defeated Gamble in such gallant style, on Wimbleton Common, the amateurs assembled to witness the above fight.

A noble Earl, distinguished in the Fancy, took his seat close to the ring, and the Corinthians rallied round him numerously. The commoners were also in abundance; and the Palladian black diamonds, from the East end of the town, were full of pluck, sporting their little alms upon Paddy M'Dermott, not only from his well-known gameness, but his numerous victories on the banks of the Thames.

At one o'clock, Purcell, attended by Richmond and Shelton, as his seconds, threw his castor into the ring; and the Irish black diamond shortly after repeated this sort of defiance, followed by Paddington Jones and Tom Reynolds. Two to one was offered upon

Purcell's part.

Round 1. On strapping, M'Dermott, in appearance, was not unlike the figure of the renowned Tom Johnson, and the tremendous Big Ben; but, upon putting up his hands, any comparison in respect to their scientific acquirements, was completely obliterated. Purcell was not long before he fell for Paddy's nob, but it was a tremendous bounding round. The exchanges were numerous; it was all fighting; the strength and boxing qualities of the Irishman were not to be stayed; and not till after two minutes had been occupied in desperate milling, hit for hit, both became quite exhausted, and Purcell fell from a slight hit. Loud shouts of approbation from the patronizers of M'Dermott.

2. It was evident M'Dermott was doomed to be a Receiver General; although he had nobbed Purcell over the right eye, and drawn the first claret. Purcell had the best of it; put in some facets without return; but still the strength of the Irishman was of that nature, that it appeared to require heavier punishment than Purcell was able to administer, to render victory perfectly secure. Both down, and S to 1 offered on the game Purcell.

3. Here the game of the Fancy was put to the test. Since the memorable day at Cophorthe, when Cribb fought Molineux, such an out and out shower had not been experienced, it operated upon the frame of the spectators with that sort of deluge, as if one of the dykes had given way in Holland. It was almost impossible to withstand the heavy drags and post chaises; but the combatants, with hearts like lions, unmindful of the "paling pitiless storm," stood up to each other with as much gaiety as if they were promenading the walks of Vauxhall. Purcell was bawled over the ring, but he got away; till, in closing, they both went down.

4. The appearance of the spectators was now like drowned men; and not a drop of daffy was to be obtained at any price, to raise their spirits. Indeed, the ground was one sheet of water. But the seconds, and Purcell and M'Dermott, seemed as insensible to the remembrance of the elements as bricks and mortar, except in serving each other out. Purcell ultimately was sent down. The Palladians were now in high glee; the exultation was loud indeed; numerous hats were thrown up, and a ray of hope seemed to appear for the East enders.

5. It was evident M'Dermott was doomed to be a Receiver General; although he had nobbed Purcell over the right eye, and drawn the first claret. Purcell had the best of it; put in some facets without return; but still the strength of the Irishman was of that nature, that it appeared to require heavier punishment than Purcell was able to administer, to render victory perfectly secure. Both down, and S to 1 offered on the game Purcell.

6. Purcell nobbed the Irishman with great ease, and the claret most copiously followed each touch. Purcell staggered from each hit, but he would not fall. They fought all over the ring, till M'Dermott, quite exhausted, went down.

10. It was a good round; and it was the old school of fighting revived. Shifting was out of the question; but the mug of Paddy was hit all to pieces; yet he would not be denied, and ultimately got Purcell down. Loud shouting; and his countrymen vociferating, "Where's your 2 to 1?"

11. This round was a complete chancery suit, and Paddy's head did not belong to him—at least, he could not protect it from the rule liberteris his adversary took up. No less than fifteen fencers did Purcell plant with success. The Irishman was often hit staggering away, and sometimes to a stand still. Both his orgies were nearly in a state of darkness; his frontispiece all vermilion; but his gluttony would have beat all the Aldermen of London in a canter—4 to 1 loudly offered.

12. Sparring for wind; and the general observation that Purcell never fought any thing like so well before. The latter broke away, and most successfully nobbed his already punished opponent till both went down.

13. The storm had not subsided; all were in it—wet through—and the mill going on with all the regularity of a court of law. Purcell was severely punished, and his body had been strongly marked; but his game was so well known, that it was poundable to a farthing.

14. The storm had not subsided; all were in it—wet through—and the mill going on with all the regularity of a court of law. Purcell was severely punished, and his body had been strongly marked; but his game was so well known, that it was poundable to a farthing.

15. The frame of the spectators and the atmosphere of the place were all his own. This round was all his own, and he appeared a most able practitioner in chancery. "He will not fight another round," was the cry. "M'Dermott is done up; his face is quite changed, and he's all abroad." Any odds.

16. The frame of the Irishman was so good, that he was determined to try it on to the last moment. Purcell, however, finished poor Paddy in prime style. He put in a tremendous nobber, and hit out seconded by a heavy body hit, that not only deprived him of his wind, but his recollection. In fact, he was hoored, and hit out of time. Twenty-five minutes was the time of the battle.

Purcell, always game, but never considered a decisive hitler displayed his usual qualities; he was not in condition. The Irishman could not fight; but as a taker he stands conspicuous. Purcell, although victorious, was the most punished, and was carried out of the ring; while, on the contrary, M'Dermott walked to his vehicle.

17. "No" would not escape his lips. This round was all his own, and he appeared a most able practitioner in chancery. "He will not fight another round," was the cry. "M'Dermott is done up; his face is quite changed, and he's all abroad." Any odds.

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